

TARIFF BARRIER TO BE KEYNOTE

Republicans Will Fight For
Home Labor Protection.

WAR CAUSES INDUSTRIAL BOOM

Democrats Would Like to Take Credit for Prospect of Better Times, But They Know That When Peace Comes Foreign Goods Will Again Come into the United States.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2. — Leading Democrats throughout Pennsylvania cannot see why the people do not thank the Wilson administration for the prospect of better times due to the war. They feel that it would be only fair to the Democratic party for Pennsylvania editors to devote their columns to believing that the present government at Washington had something to do with the signs of coming brightness in the industrial world.

The strange feature of this idea is that many of these Democrats, when questioned, are honest enough to admit that the war is the cause of any increase in the work of industry, inasmuch as they do not see any credit or advantage for starting the war their position is, therefore, both peculiar and ridiculous.

Some Up Situation.

Here is how the Philadelphia Bulletin sums up the situation regarding the necessity of revising the tariff to take care of American industries in years to come:

"An intimate and familiar example for Philadelphia is in the history and knit goods industry, the local plants of which are now enjoying a new era of orders to meet the demands of local trade. Every manufacturer and every buyer in the trade knows, however, that this condition is abnormal and that it exists only because the goods of northern France and Belgium, which, under ordinary conditions, ship their products into the United States at prices with which the American standard of value is not competitive, are out of circulation on account of the war. And it is an equally simple matter of appreciation that when the war is over and the work of rehabilitation begins, it will not be difficult because the actual industrial production has been comparatively small. These goods will again pour into the United States and take away the demand for home labor."

Common Sense Judgment.

When Democrats attempt to use the argument that better times—if they come—are due to the excellent working of the present tariff, by itself considered, they run up against the common sense judgment of the people. For that reason some of them admit that the war is responsible, though they would like the voters at large to give the party credit.

Every person who is capable of observing the course of events must know that present conditions are temporary—that they are dependent upon the stagnation of foreign industry. If it were not so, why were there indications of a turn for the better soon after the war broke out, and why did the nation suffer so serious a period of depression soon after the war itself was enacted, when before it enjoyed full and plenty, comparable only with the best times we have had in a generation? There is a reason, and the reason is not difficult to find out.

Democrats are making the remarkable statement that the high cost of living is caused by the war in Europe and by abnormal conditions caused by it. Yet in 1912, two years before the war started, the Democrats claimed that the high cost of living was due to the "robber tariff." When the Republicans were in power they were in blame for the "high cost of living," now that the Democrats are in, the "war" is to blame. That is to say, the Democrats are never to blame for anything objectionable, no matter when or how it happens. Anyway, it does not make so much difference what caused the high cost of living; the thing of importance is, what will reduce it? The Democrats said if the people would put them in they would do the trick. They are in and they have not done it.

The Department of Labor under the direction of the Wilson administration has prepared a statement on the cost of living which shows that meats have gone up 10 per cent, since the last presidential election. Yet meats are on the free list. The price of milk has increased 3 per cent, and eggs slightly more than 2 per cent. Milk and eggs are on the free list. The Payne-Adams duty on eggs was 2 cents a dozen. It was removed in order to reduce the cost of living. When the wage earner studies this report he will realize the futility of statements made by Free-Trade speakers during the campaign which resulted in the election of Woodrow Wilson. The oft-repeated cry that high prices were the result of the tariff is refuted by the facts contained in the report. The remarkable rise in prices has taken place in spite of the Free-Trade, Embargoed law which placed conditions on the free list—the great injury of the farmer and, as experience shows, without benefit to the consumer.

SAVED HIMSELF, UNAWARE.

Showing How the Eye Sees More Than One Thinks It Does.

Writing on psychological subjects in the Ladies' Home Journal, H. Addington Bruce says:

"From Dr. A. H. of Pennsylvania, one of our well known psychologists, I have received this impressive piece of testimony to the power of the eye to see more than one consciously apprehends."

"Three summers ago, when I was on a visit to my old home town, I took a short cut across familiar fields where a fair growth of weeds covered the ground. I was going along at a rapid gait, with my mind wholly occupied with matters other than my path, when suddenly, quite reflexly, my left foot, instead of going down on the spot where it should, jerked itself over to the left, and I went on fully ten steps before I realized that I had made the sharpest kind of an offset in my path. I wondered what made me do it, turned, retraced my steps and found an adder still coiled and ready to strike, exactly, as I judged, where my foot would have gone."

"Dr. A. H., recognizing the correct explanation of his fortunate misstep, adds:—

"During my boyhood summers I used to go barefooted much of the time, rough and experiences with stinging fields, briar patches and many paths I learned automatically to pick my way without giving thought to the matter. As a result, I find myself frequently in my walks avoiding obstacles which at the moment I do not consciously discern."

A Curious Experience.

Lombroso, the famous Italian criminalologist, once had a curious experience. He was in a printing office correcting the proofs in his "Delinquent Man" with the chief reader when on reaching a page which dealt with a young man who, impeded by jealousy, had stabbed his fiancée he made a surprising discovery. The proofreader was this man.

"Suddenly," Lombroso said in telling the story, "he threw himself at my feet, declaring that he would commit suicide if I published this story with his name. His face, before very gentle, was completely altered and almost terrifying, and I was really afraid that he would kill himself or me on the spot. I tore up the proofs and for several editions omitted his story."

Thunder.

Winter thunder is considered throughout Europe to be of very ill omen, but April thunder is considered to be very beneficial. In Devonshire and other older counties of England there is a saying that "when it thunders in April you must clean up the barrels"—in readiness, that is, for a plentiful crop of apples. The French consider April thunder to be indicative of a good yield from vineyards and cornfields.

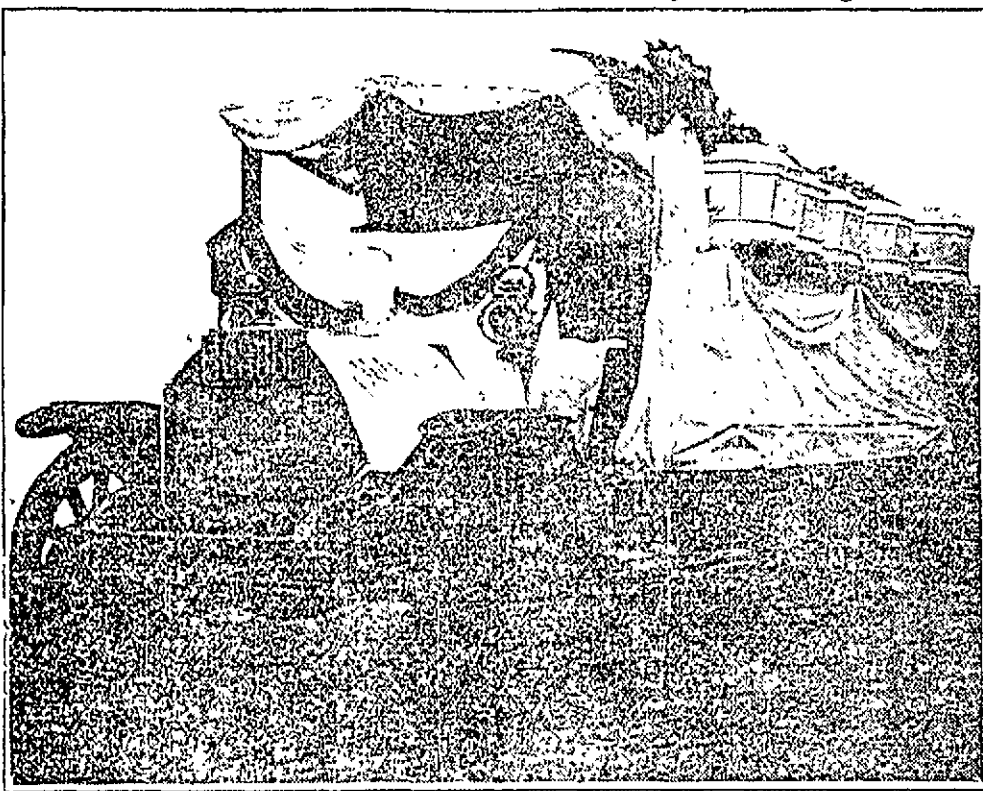
Getting It Straight.

It was in the Elysian fields. An artist was called to see that Shakespeare is more sought after than the military heroes," declared a highbrow shade. "I consider this a tribute to the peaceful arts."

"It isn't that so much," pointed out a lowbrow shade. "Every now and then I want to ask him if he really wrote those plays."—Kansas City Journal.

There never was an excuse as interesting as a duty well done.—Toledo Blade.

Bury Six Hundred Eastland Victims While Whole City of Chicago Mourns



AUTO HEARSE WITH EASTLAND VICTIMS

A LESSON FOR THE NURSE.

She Didn't Like It When She Was Paid In Her Own Care.

A mother overheard her nurse girl talking to the child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she was indulged was this: "If you don't go to sleep this very minute a great, big, awful, black bear, with eyes like coals of fire and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and eat-a-you-quick up!" The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes to dream of horrid bears eating her up.

That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and had put the light out there came a sudden rap at the door and the voice of the mistress called loudly through the panels: "Maudie! Maudie! Get up as quick as you can! There's a burglar under your bed!" At the word "burglar" the girl sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell into hysterics in the hall. The lesson was more instructive than the mistress designed, but when the girl's fears had calmed she said to her: "You did not hesitate to tell my delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story about a bear under her bed. Now, when I treat you to a same kind of a story, you are nearly frightened to death. Tomorrow you can go into the kitchen and work there. You are not fit to care for little children."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Stern Father.—It was after 11 o'clock when that young man left last night. I want you to understand—

Proty Daughter Interrupting.—But, papa, I was so deeply interested in the news of his uncle's death that I didn't notice how late it was. You see, his uncle died in Africa last week and left him \$100,000, and, of course—

Stern Father.—As I was saying when you interrupted me, I want you to understand that he can stay just as late as he wants to. I don't mind if the gas meter does have to work overtime occasionally.—Indianapolis Star.

How Purple Dye Was Discovered.

It is often said that the old Phoenicians discovered the purple dye in the murex shell by observing a dog which had eaten one of the mollusks and thus colored his snout with a rich purple stain. The ancients were anxious to hunt the murex by the assistance of pointer dogs. Some of the myths say that Hercules by the aid of his dog first discovered the purple murex.

Age asks with timidity to be spared intolerable pain. Youth, taking fortune by the beard, demands joy like a right.—Stevenson.

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11:30 P. M. Uniontown. For Scottsdale, Mt. Pleasant and Greensburg, connecting for Jeannette, Irwin, Trafford City and Pittsburgh.

A. M.—4:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00—P. M.—12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:30, 11:30.

9:30 P. M. last car from Connellsville connecting for Irwin.

Cars on the half hour run via Mt. Pleasant.

Cars on the hour run via Tarr, Fox Trotter, Leisewitz, No. 1, Vanderhill, Dickerson Run, Dawson.

A. M.—4:45, 6:15, 7:15, 8:45, 9:15, 10:45, 11:15—P. M.—12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15.

For Trotter, Leisewitz, Juniata, Elm Grove, Butte, Vancos Mills, Phillips, Oliver, Uniontown, Roxbury, Masontown and Martin.

A. M.—5:15, 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15—P. M.—1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:15.

Does not run Sunday.

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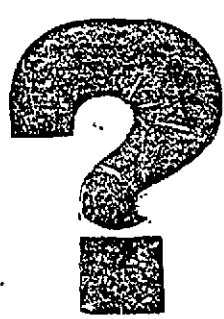
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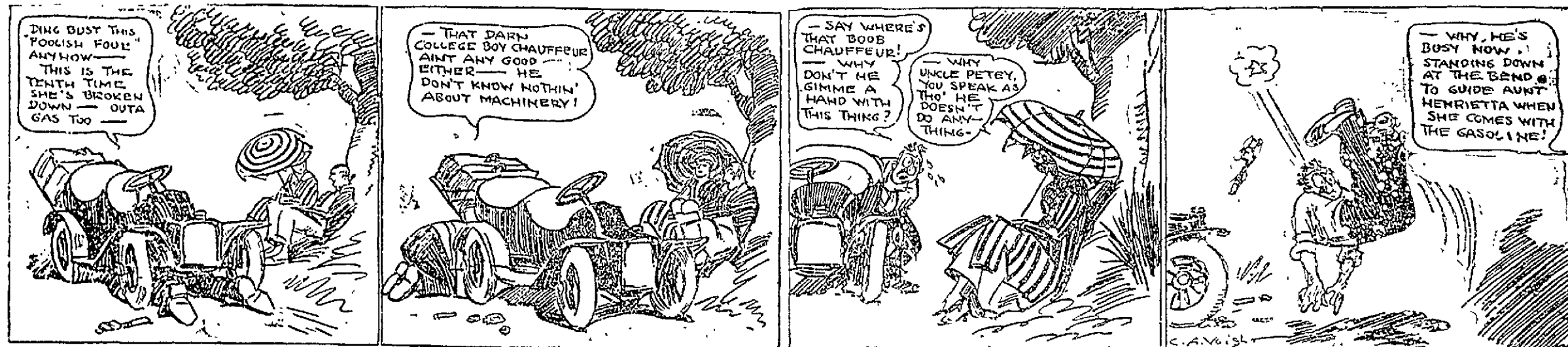
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Pete DINK—Murray HILL Doesn't Realize Pete's Ideal as a Chauffeur.

By C. A. Volght.



The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

Uncle Jim strode out with a hearty greeting, and, at the sound of the voices of no one but Gail and Mrs. Davies and Houston Van Ploon, old "Diddy" Manning appeared in the doorway, followed by the rector.

"The sweetest flower that blows in any dale," quoted "Diddy" Manning, patting Gail's hand affectionately.

"The rector stood by, waiting to greet her, after Manning had monopolized her a selfish moment, and the newly aroused eye for color in him seized upon the gold and blue and red of her straight Egyptian costume, and recognized in them a part of her earlier variety. The black on her lashes. He was close enough to see that; and he marvelled at himself that he could not disapprove."

Gail was most uncomfortably aware of Mrs. Helen Davies, but she turned to him with a frank smile of friendship.

"This looks like a conspiracy," she commented, glancing towards the study, which was thick with smoke. "It's an offensively innocent one," returned Manning, giving the rector but small chance. "We're discussing plans for the new Vindicator court (mentally)."

"Oh!" observed Gail, and radiated a distinct chill, whereupon Rev. Smith, leaving himself of some courteous complacency, exchanged a few words with Mrs. Davies and young Van Ploon, and took his commission back into the study.

Mrs. Davies remained but a moment or so. She even seemed eager to retire, and as she left the library, she cast a hopeful backward glance at the languid Gail and the correct young Van Ploon who, with his Dutch complexion and his blonde English manner, and his stately American body, to say nothing of his being a Van Ploon, represented to her the ideal of masculine perfection. He was an eligible who never did anything a second too early or a second too late, or delayed by any syllable from the exact thing he should say.

At the anxious Aunt Helen had counted on any important results from this evening's opportunity, she had not taken into her calculations the address of Gail. In precisely five minutes Van Ploon was on the doorstep, with his lavender on his shoulders and his silk hat in his hand, without even having approached the elaborate introduction to certain important remarks he had delicately declined to make. Gail might not have been able to rid herself of him so easily, for he was a person of considerable moment, but he had rather planned to make a more deliberate ceremony of the matter, impulsive opportunities not being in his line of thought.

A tall young man in an ivory-colored waistcoat rapidly put the door into Van Ploon's hands, and the correct things in the way of silence; and before she had closed the door on Van Ploon, Dick Rodley walked into the house with careless assurance.

"Gracious, Dicky, you can't come in!" protested Gail, with half-frowning, half-laughing remonstrance. "It's a fearful hour for calls."

"I'm a friend of the family," insisted Dick, calmly clearing his throat, and then, with a look at his hat on the rack, "I guess you've forgotten the program."

"Oh, yes, the proposal. Well, have it over with."

"All right," he agreed, and taking her arm and tucking her shoulder comfortably close to him, he walked easily with her back to the library. Arrived there, he pushed her on her favorite chair, and drew up another one squarely in front of her.

"I'm going to shock you to death," he told her. "I'm going to propose as solemnly to you."

Some laughing retort was on her lips, but she caught a look in his eyes which suddenly stopped her.

"I am very much in earnest about it, Gail," and his voice bore the stamp of deep sincerity. "I love you, I want you to be my wife."

"Dick," protested Gail, and it was she who reached out and placed her hand in his. This action was too comically frank for him to mistake it.

"I was afraid you'd think that way about it," he said, his voice full of a pain of which neither one had believed him capable. "This is the first time I ever proposed, except in fun, and I want to make you take me seriously. Gail, I've said so many pretty things to you, that now, when I am in such desperate earnest, there's nothing left but just to try to tell you how much I love you; how much I want you!"

He stopped, and, holding her hand, patting it gently with unconscious tenderness, he gazed earnestly into her eyes. His own were entirely without that burning glow which he had, for so long, bestowed on all the young and beautiful. They were at rest, sober now, and in their depth was a humble winfulness which made Gail's heart flow to him.

"I can't, Dick," she told him, smiling affectionately at him. "You're the dearest boy in the world, and I want you for my friend as long as we live; for my very dear friend!"

He studied her in silence for a moment, and then he put his hands on her cheeks, and drew her gently

towards him. Still smiling into his eyes, she held up her lips, and he kissed her.

"I'd like to say something jolly before I go," he said as he rose; "but I can't seem to think of it."

Gail laughed, but there was a trace of moisture in her eyes as she took his arm.

"I'd like to help you out, Dicky, but I can't think of it either," she returned.

She was crying a little when she went up the stairs, and her mood was not even interrupted by the fact that Aunt Helen's door was ajar, and that Aunt Helen stood just beyond the crack.

"Why, child, that Egyptian black is marvellous," was Aunt Helen's first observation.

Gail dabbed hastily at the two tiny rivulets which had bristled at the



"Poor Dicky," she explained, and walked into her own room.

curve of her pink cheeks, and then she put her hand on Aunt Helen's shoulder, and wept softly.

"Poor Dicky," she explained, and then, turning, disappeared into her own room.

Mrs. Helen Davies looked after her speculatively for a moment; but she decided not to follow.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Maker of Maps.

There began to be strange new stirrings in the world. Money! From the land which was its home and place of abode it flowed over across the wide seas, and made potent whisperings in the ears of the countries where money is despised and held vulgar. They all listened. The particular potency lay in the fact that the money was so big, which took away from its despisedness and its vulgarity.

A black-headed grand duke, from the wide land of the frozen seas, humbled himself to plain Ivan Strolesky, as the sound of that whisper, and hurried westward. A high dignitary of an empire upon which the sun never sets hid his little under a pashan nom de plume, and stalked stolidly away westward to that wharfe of despised American money. From the land of fashion, from the land of toys, from the land of art and music, from the land of cherry blossoms, from the land of the flapping jewels, from the land of the burning sands and the lands of the midnight sun, there came the highest of money; and they all, light and gay, and heard and smooth, and large and small, and rubbed and tumbled, centered toward the city of strong men, and, one by one, presented themselves, in turn, to a grave and silent, thick-haired old darky by the name of Ephraim.

One motive alone had dragged them over sterile plains and snowy mountains and bounding seas; the magic whisper of Money!

Through Ephraim they came to the stocky, square-shouldered, square-faced chess player who was called Allison. They found him pleasant, agreeable, but hardly of their class. He was so forceful as to be necessarily more or less crude, and he had an unpleasant fashion of waving aside all the decent little pretences about money. That was the fault of this whole rule country, where luxury had been brought to the greatest refinement over known in the history of the world; it was so devoted to money, and the cultured gentlemen did their best to get all they could.

To Ivan Strolesky Allison was frank and friendly; for there was something in the big Russian which was different from those others, who he listened to have business out of the way.

"Here are your lines," he said, spreading down a map which had been brought up to date by hand. "The ones I want are checked in blue. The others I do not care for."

He studied her in silence for a moment, and then he put his hands on her cheeks, and drew her gently

The grand duke looked them over with a keen eye. "I am rather disappointed," he confessed in excellent English. "I had understood that you wished to control our entire railway system."

"I do," assented Allison; "but I don't wish to pay out money for them all. If I can acquire the lines I have marked, the others will be controlled quite easily from the fact that I shall have the only outlet."

"The grand duke, who had played poker in America and gambled in China and roulette in Monte Carlo, and all the other games throughout the world, smiled with his impressive big eyes, and put his hand up under his beard.

"The matter then seems to resolve itself into a question of price," he commented.

"No; protection," responded Allison. "If I were buying these railroads outright, I should expect my property interests to be guarded, even if I had to appeal to international equity; but I am not."

"I am not," admitted the grand duke. "They cannot be purchased."

"The proposition resolves itself then into a matter of virtual commercial seizure," Allison pointed out.

The grand duke, still with his hand in his beard, chuckled, as he regarded Allison amusedly.

"I shall not mind if you call it piracy," he observed. "We, in Russia, must collect our resources as we can, and we are as frank as Americans about it. Returning to your matter of protection, I shall admit that the only agreement upon which we can secure what you want, would not hold in international equity, and, in consequence, the only protection I can give you is my personal word that you will not be molested in anything which you wish to do, providing it is pleasant to myself and those I represent."

"Then we'll make it an annual payment," decided Allison, putting away from him a sliding scale, increasing each year with the earnings."

The grand duke considered that proposition gravely, and offered an amendment.

"After the first year," he said. "We shall begin with a large bonus, however."

Allison again put out of his mind certain figures he had prepared to suggest. Apparently the grand duke needed a large supply of immediate cash, and as annual payments thereafter would need to be decreased accordingly, with still another percentage deducted for profit on the duke's necessities.

"Let us first discuss the bonus," proposed Allison, and quite noticeably they went into the arrangement, whereby Ivan Strolesky filed the only valuable railroad lines in his country from the control of its present graft-ridden possessors, and handed it over to the international transportation company.

"By the way," said Allison. "How long can we obtain possession?"

Ivan Strolesky put his hand in his beard again, and reflected.

"There is only one man who stands in the way," he calculated. "He will be removed immediately upon my return."

There was something so uneasy about this that even the practical Allison was checked for an instant, and then he said:

"We have still much to learn from your country," he courteously confessed.

When Ivan Strolesky had gone, Allison went to his globe and drew a bright red line across the land of the frozen seas.

"There came a famous diplomat, a heavy blond man with a red face and big spectacles and a high, wide, round forehead."

"I do not know what you want," said the visitor, regarding Allison with a stolid stare. "I have come to see."

"I merely wish to chat into international politics," returned Allison. "There is an old-time feud between you and your neighbors to the west."

"That is history," replied the visitor noncommittally. "We are now at peace."

"Never peace," denied Allison. "There will never be friendship between your phlegmatic and mercantileism."

"You might not be centuries with your neighbors to the west, but rest is not peace."

"Excuse me, but what do you mean?" and the visitor stared stolidly.

"In your affairs of mutual relationship with the land to the west, there are not less than a dozen causes upon which war could be started without difficulty," went on Allison. "In fact, you require perpetual diplomacy to prevent war with that country."

The visitor looked his thick fingers quietly together and kept on stolidly staring.

"You are about to have a war," Allison advised him.

"No, it is not true," and the visitor went so far, in his emphasis, as to unlock his fingers and rest one hand on the back of the other.

"I think I am a very fair prophet," said Allison calmly. "I have made money by my prophecy. I have more money at my command at the present time than any man in the world, thanks to my government; wealth beyond handling in mere currency. It can only be conveyed by means of checks. Let me show how easy it is to write them."

And, drawing a blank book to him, he wrote a check, and signed his name, and filled out the stub, and tore it out, and handed it to the visitor for inspection. The visitor was properly impressed with Allison's ease in penmanship.

"I see," was the comment, and the check was handed back. He drew his straight-crowned derby towards him.

"I have made a mistake," said Allison. "I have left off a cipher," and correcting this omission with a new check, he tore up the first one.

"I see," commented the visitor, and put the second check in his pocket.

That had required considerable outfitting, but when Allison was alone, he went over to his globe and made another long, red mark.

A neat-waisted man, with a goatee of carefully selected hairs and a luxuriant black mustache, called on Allison, and laid down his hat and his stick and his gloves, in a neat little pile, with separate jerks. He jerked out a cigarette, he jerked out a match, and jerked into the former with the latter.

"I am here," he said.

"I am able to give you some important diplomatic news," Allison advised him. "Your country is about to have a war with your ancient enemy to the east. It will be declared within a month."

"It will be finished in a week," prophesied the neat-waisted caller, his native eyes flashing with pleasure.

"Possibly," admitted Allison. "I understand that your country is not in the best of financial conditions to undertake a war, particularly with that ancient enemy."

"The banking system of my country is patriotic," returned the caller. "Its only important banks are controlled under one system. I am the head of that system. I am a patriot!" and he tapped himself upon the breast with deep and sincere feeling.

"How much revenue does your position yield you personally?"

A shade of sadness crossed the brow of the neat-waisted caller.

"It does not yield you this much," Allison pushed toward him a little slip of paper on which were inscribed some figures.

The caller's eyes widened as they read the sum. He snatched the slip of paper. He pushed back the slip of paper.

"If your banking system found it impossible to be patriotic, your government would be compelled to raise money through other means. It would not shirk from the war."

"Never!" and the neat-waisted caller once more touched himself on the breast.

"It would be compelled to negotiate a loan. If other governments, through some understanding among their bankers, found it difficult to provide this loan, your government would find it necessary to release its ownership, or at least its control of its most valuable commercial possession."

"The caller, who had followed Allison's progressive statement with interest, gave a quick little nod of his head.

"That most valuable commercial possession," went on Allison, "is the state railways. You were convinced by my agent that there is a new and powerful force in the world, or you would not have bought. Suppose I point out that it is possible to so arrange your banking system that you could not help your country, if you would; suppose I show you that, in the end, your ancient enemy will lose his identity, while your country remains intact; suppose I show you that the control I have proposed is the only way open which will save your country from annihilation. What then?"

The neat-waisted caller, with the first slow motion he had used since he came into the room, drew the slip of paper towards him again.

There followed another banker, a ruddy-faced man whose heavy features were utterly incapable of emotion; and he sat at Allison's table in thick-jawed solidity.

"There is about to begin international movements of the utmost importance," Allison told him. "There is a war scheduled for next month, which is likely to embroil the whole of Europe."

The banking gentleman nodded his head almost imperceptibly.

"Mr. Chisholm advised me that your sources of information are authentic," he said. "What you tell me is most deplorable."

"Quite," agreed Allison. "I am informed that the company you represent and manage has the practical direction of the entire banking system of Europe, with the exception of one country. Besides this, you have powerful interests, amounting very nearly to a monopoly, in Egypt, in India, in Australia, and in a dozen other quarters of the globe."

"You seem to be accurately informed," admitted the banking gentleman, studying intently the glowing coals in Allison's fireplace.

"If I can show you how a certain attitude towards the international complications which are about to ensue will be of immense advantage to your country, as well as to the interests of the world, I have no doubt that we can come to a very definite understanding."

The stolidly jawed banking gentleman studied the glowing coals for two minutes.

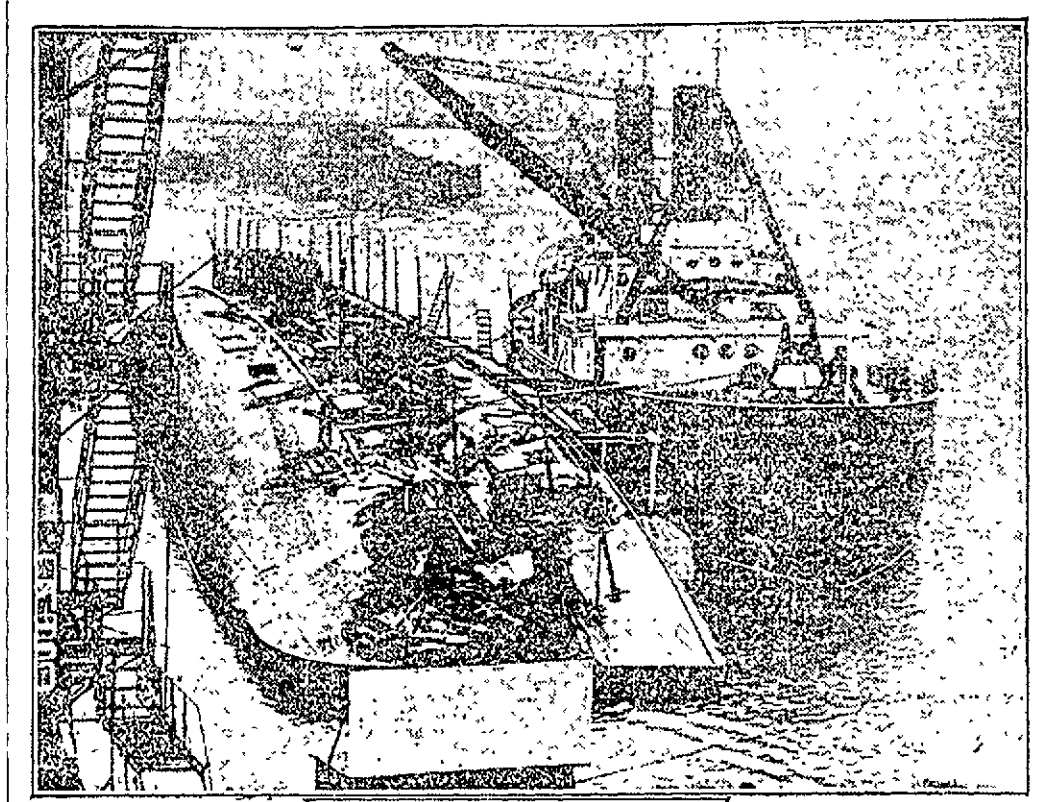
"I should be interested in learning the exact details," he finally suggested.

Allison drew some sheets of paper from an inner file and spread them before the financier. It was largely a matter of credits to the beginning, extensions here, cuttings there, and all on a scale so gigantic that both the banking and the financier minds of the world were amazed.

In every line there was a vista of vast empire, of toppling thrones, of altered boundaries, of such an endless and shifting panorama of governmental forces, that the minds of men less insured to the contemplation of commercial and political revolutions might have grown fagged. On the third page, the solid banking gentleman, who had not made a nervous motion since his grandfather was a boy, looked up with a start.

"Why, this affects my own country!" he exclaimed. "It affects our enormous shipping interests, our great transportation lines, our commercial empires! In all parts of the globe it cripples us, on the land and wipes

It Will Take Several Days Before All of Eastland's Victims Are Found



RAISING THE EASTLAND
In the accompanying illustration are shown several boats at work trying to raise the Eastland, the boat which sank at her pier in the Chicago river, causing the loss of more than 1,000 lives. Divers have reported that many bodies are still held fast and that they cannot be moved until the boat is righted.

us from the sea!" It even affects my own government!"

"Quite true," admitted Allison. The banking gentleman drew a long breath.

"What you predict may not come to pass," he maintained, although the ac-



When the Visitor Was Gone Allison Gave the Globe a Contemptuous Whirl.

cret information which had brought him to Allison had prepared him to take every statement seriously.

"I can show you proof! The war which is to be started next month is only the key-stone of the political arch of the entire eastern hemisphere. There are a dozen wars, each bigger than the other, slated to follow, if needed, like the pressing of a row of electric buttons. Knowing these things as you shall, it is only a question of whether you will be with me on the crest, or in the hollow."

The caller moistened his lips, and turned his gaze finally from the glowing coals to Allison's face.

"Show me everything you know," he demanded.

They sat together until morning, and they traversed the world; and when that visitor had gone, Allison gave his globe a contemptuous whirl.

The balance of them were but matters of detail. With a certain prideful arrogance, of which he himself was aware, he reflected that now he could almost leave these minor powers and potentates and dignitaries to a secretary.

Intoxicated with a sense of his own power, he went back into his study, and drew from a drawer the photograph of a young and beautiful girl, who seemed to look up at him, out of an oval frame wreathed with waving brown hair, and set with beautifully curved lips which twitched at the corners in a half-aromatic smile, from two brown eyes, deep and glowing and fraught with an intense attractiveness. Every morning he had looked at this photograph, the priceless crown of his achievement, the glittering jewel to set in the head of his scepter, the beautiful meditation of his valor!

"Only a little longer, Gail," he told her with a smile, and then he studied the photograph. "Gail, the maker of—"

CHAPTER XX.

The World at Gail's Feet.

Callers for Mrs. Helen Davies, and a large bouquet of American beauties for Gail, into the Louis XIV room, where Helen Van Ploon and Miss Van Ploon, with unusual impress-

in the sleek velvet afternoon gown which gave her more staidness and more impressive dignity than anything in her wardrobe. Miss Van Ploon, who was a true member of the family, in that she considered the Van Ploon entirely before any individual, quite approved of Mrs. Davies, and was in no wise jealous of being so distinctly outshone in personal appearance.

Nicholas Van Ploon also surveyed Mrs. Davies with a calculating eye, and bobbed his round head slightly to himself. He had canvassed Mrs. Helen Davies before, and had discussed her in family council, but this was a final view, a dress parade as it were.

Half an hour later Mrs. Helen Davies, leaving her guests in the Louis XIV room, passed at the head of the stairs to calm herself. The Mrs. Waverly Gates' annual faded into dim obscurity. Mrs. Waverly-Gates would see Gail on her bended knees to attend the annual, and Mrs. Helen Davies could attend if she liked. She went into her own room, and took a drink of water, and sat down for thirty or forty seconds; then she went into Gail's study, where she found that young lady, all unconscious of the sender which was about to befall her, reading a six-hundred-page critique of Chopin's music, and calmly munching chocolates out of a basket decorated with eight shades of silk roses.

"Sit down and have a chocolate, Aunt Helen," hospitably offered Gail, dipping a marker in her book.

Mrs. Davies consumed a great deal of time in selecting a chocolate, but she did not sit down.

"Shall you be at liberty this evening, Gail?" she inquired, with much carelessness.

"Why?" and Gail, whose feet were stretched out and crossed, in lazy ease, looked up at her aunt sideways from under her curving lashes.

Mrs. Davies hesitated a moment. "Houston Van Ploon would like to call."

"Are they still downstairs?" Gail suddenly unrolled her eyes, and caught her slippers squarely in front of her. "Also she sat bolt upright."

"Yes," and Mrs. Davies betrayed signs of nervousness.

"Are they making the appointment for Houston?"

"Yes," the word drawled.

"Why?" and Gail's brown eyes began to crackle.

Mrs. Davies thought it better to sit down. "A great honor has come to you."

Gail leaned forward towards her aunt, and tilted her chin.

"Houston wants to propose, and he's sent his father and sister to find out if he may!" she charged.

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Davies, driven past the possibility of delay or preparation, and feeling herself unjustly on the defensive.

"I shall not be at home this evening," announced Gail decisively, and stretched out her feet again, and crossed her little gray slippers, and took a chocolate. "Or any other evening," she added.

Mrs. Davies lost her flutter immediately. This was too stupendously serious a matter to be weakly treated.

"My dear, you don't understand!" she protested, not in anger, but in patient reason. "Houston Van Ploon has been the unattainable match of New York. He is a gentleman in every particular, a desirable young man in every respect, and gifted with everything a young girl would want. He has so much money that you could buy a kingdom and be a queen. If you chose to amuse your grandfather that way, he has a dignified old family, which makes mere social position seem like an insignificant scramble for cotton favors, and it is universally admitted that he is the most perfect of all the Van Ploons for many generations. Not exceptionally clever; but that is one of the reasons the Van Ploons are so particular

to find a suitable matrimonial alliance for him."

Gail, nibbling daintily at her chocolate, closed her eyelids for a second, the long, brown lashes curved down on her cheeks, and from beneath them there emerged a sparkle-like the snap of live coals, while the corners of her lips twitched in that little smile which she kept for her own enjoyment.

"You cannot appreciate the compliment which has been paid you, Gail. Every debutante for the past five years has been most carefully considered by the Van Ploons, and I sincerely believe this to be the first time they have unanimously agreed on a choice. It is a matter of eugenics, Gail, but in addition to that, Mr. Van Ploon assures me that Houston is most fervently interested."

"How careless of them," criticized Gail. "They have neither asked for my measurements nor examined my teeth."

"Gail!" Her chaperon and sponsor was both shocked and stern.

"I positively decline to even discuss the Van Ploon eugenics," stated Gail, pushing aside her chocolate, while a red spot began to appear on her cheeks. "I shall not, as I stated before, be at home to Houston Van Ploon this evening—or any other evening."

"I shall not deliver that message," announced Mrs. Davies, setting her lips. "As your present sponsor, I shall insist that you take more time to consider a matter so important."

"I shall insist on refusing to consider it for one second!" returned Gail quietly. "I am very fond of Houston Van Ploon, and I hope to remain so, but I wouldn't marry him under any circumstances. This is firm, flat, and final."

Mrs. Helen Davies dropped patient reason instantly. She was aware of an impulsive wish that Gail were in pincettes, and her own child, so she could box her ears.

"Gail, you compel me to lose my patience!" she declared. "When you came, I strained every sinew, and I possessed to have you meet the most desirable eligible this big city could offer, just as if you were my own daughter! I have succeeded in working miracles! I have given you an opportunity to interest the very best! You have interested them, but I have never seen such extravagance in the waste of opportunities! You have refused men whom thousands in the highest circles have sought; and now you refuse the very choice of them all! What or whom do you want?"

Gail's red spots were deepening, but she only clasped her knee in her interlocked fingers, her brown hair waving about her face, and her chin uplifted.

"You can't always expect to retain your youth, and beauty and charm," went on her Aunt Helen. "You can't expect to come to New York every year and look over the eligibles until you find one to suit your fastidious taste! You're capricious, you're ungrateful, and you're unsatisfactory!"

Gail's eyes turned suddenly moist, and the red flashed out of her cheeks.

"Oh, Aunt Helen!" she exclaimed in instant contrition. "I'm so very, very sorry that I am such a disappointment to you! But if I just can't marry Mr. Van Ploon, I can't, can I? Don't you see?" She was up now and down again, sitting on a hassock in front of Mrs. Davies, and the face which, she upturned had in it so much of beautiful appeal that even her chaperon and sponsor was softened. "I was nasty a while ago, and I had no excuse, for it, for you have been loving and kind to me, and I have been hateful and I'm sorry."

"I'm so very, very sorry! I'll tell you what I'll do! You may go down and tell Mr. Van Ploon and his daughter that I will see Houston this evening, and then she can say, 'but you mustn't say, with pleasure!'"

(To Be Continued.)

Particulars those who advertise.

